

### The most lamentable Tragedie

*Tamora.* Empresse I am, but yonder sits the Emperour.  
*Clowne.* Tis he, God and Saint Stephen giue you godden,  
 I haue brought you a letter and a couple of pidgins heere.

*Hee reades the Letter.*

*Satur.* Goe take him away, and hang him presently?  
*Clowne.* How much money must I haue.  
*Tamora.* Come sirra you must be hanged.  
*Clowne.* Hangd be Lady, then I haue brought vp a necke  
 to a faire end.

*Exit.*

*Satur.* Dispightfull and intollerable wrongs,  
 Shall I endure this monstrous villanie?  
 I know from whence this fame deuise proceedes.  
 May this be borne, as if his trayterous sonnes,  
 That dyde by law for murder of our brother,  
 Haue by my meanes been butchered wrongfully.  
 Goe dragge the villaine hither by the haire,  
 Nor age, nor honour, shall shape priuiledge,  
 For this proude mocke, Ile be thy slaughter man,  
 Sly franticke wretch, that holpst to make me great,  
 In hope thy selfe should gouerne Rome and mee.

*Enter Nuntius Emillius.*

*Satur.* What newes with thee *Emillius*?  
*Emillius.* Arme my Lords, Rome neuer had more cause,  
 The Gothes haue gathered head, and with a power  
 Of high resolued men, bent to the spoyle,  
 They hither march amaine, vnder conduct  
 Of *Lucius*, sonne to old *Andronicus*,  
 Who threatens in course of this reuenge to doe

### of Titus Andronicus

As much as euer *Coriolanus* did  
*King.* Is warlike *Lucius* Gene  
 These tydings nip me, and I ha  
 As flowers with frost, or grasse  
 I now begins our sorrowes to ap  
 Tis he the common people loue  
 My selfe hath often heard them  
 When I haue walked like a priu  
 That *Lucius* banishment was wi  
 And they haue wisht that *Lucius*  
*Tamora.* Why should you fea  
*King.* I but the Cittizens fauo  
 And will reuolt from me to succ  
*Tamora.* *King*, be thy thought  
 Is the Sunne dimd, that Gnats d  
 The Eagle suffers little birds to fi  
 And is not carefull what they m  
 Knowing that with the shadow  
 He can at pleasure stint their me  
 Euen so mayest thou the giddy n  
 Then cheare thy spirit, for know  
 I will enchaunt the old *Andronic*  
 With words more sweet and yet  
 Then baites to fish, or honey sta  
 When as the one is wounded wi  
 The other rotted with delicious  
*King.* But he will not intreate  
*Tamora.* If *Tamora* intreate h  
 For I can smoothe and fill his age  
 With golden promises, that were  
 Almost impregnable, his old yea  
 Yet should both eare and hart of  
 Goe thou before to be our Emb  
 Say that the Emperour requests